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# Canada's Greeting to Her Premier.

1st JULY, 1897.

BY

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., CANADA.

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From sunny fertile slopes with sea-lapped shore;  
From canyons deep and dark and mountains high;  
From endless plains of waving prairie land;  
And wooded tracts where, 'neath a northern sky,  
Vast, sea-like waters limitless expand  
Or, bursting from their bonds, in torrents roar;

From rock-bound coasts where hissing billows leap  
With curling crests; or where the juicy grass  
Fills wide-spread meadows saved from swelling tide;  
From vales, beneath soft skies, where white clouds pass  
And shadows throw o'er many a drooping side  
Of upland whence the dimpled streamlets creep;

From leafy wilds where mighty rivers glide;  
Deltas and islands decked with blossoms gay;  
And grain clad fields and pastures soft and green;  
Come hearty greetings, on the natal day  
Of this domain, ruled by a gracious Queen,  
To thee its chosen, trusted, trusty guide.





Past are the years when, borne by fav'ring breeze,  
CABOT and CARTIER reached this distant strand,  
And brave CHAMPLAIN, and HUDSON stern and bold  
Found in an unknown zone a wond'rous land  
Lying unclaimed, its varied gifts untold,  
Far o'er the boundless space of unsailed seas.

Past are the years when o'er the hapless land  
War spread its pinions, till the fatal day  
When willing peace returned amid the cries  
Of raging battle, and in death's clasp there lay  
Two hostile heroes; when, with weeping eyes,  
England and France clasped each the other's hand.

Two peoples forming one, their common aim  
Ignores all difference in faith and race;  
Canada's sons are brothers one and all,  
And in her glorious cause each claims his place;  
He waits her summons, answers to her call,  
And seeks, mid good and ill, his country's fame.





The sun which rose this morn and shed its rays  
On snowy Selkirk peaks, and drove the night  
From parted oceans, woke to joyful life  
An embryo nation bursting on the sight,  
With active powers and great resources rife,  
Girt for the race impatient for the bays.

Where yonder cities stand, whose tap'ring spires  
Flashed in the dawn, a single trapper raised  
His simple camp far from the haunts of men,  
Or herds of savage, shaggy bison grazed:  
Yon busy town was once a gloomy glen  
Where Indians roamed and glimmered hunters' fires.

To God be praise and, when the mellow light  
Fades in the dusk, and softly through the air  
The sound of bells is heard, slow, sweet and clear,  
Let hearts and voices rise in earnest prayer.  
They feel no anxious doubt nor chilling fear  
That trust in Him Who rules by day and night.







Hail, LAURIER! Let the tribute garland, gay  
With roses, lilies, and the sprays fresh torn  
From willing maple trees, and leaves  
Of Shamrock, and the blossoms proudly worn  
By hardy Scots be twined, and let the breeze  
Bear far its perfumes sweet this happy day.

*Vive* LAURIER! Let the merry music sound,  
Let *RULE BRITANNIA, A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE,*  
*SAINT PATRICK'S DAY*, and thrilling *SCOTS WHA HAE*  
Lend to the concert each its bright refrain;  
Let cheery voices chant each honored lay;  
And song and toast and loyalty abound.

Thou who, by manly worth, hast bravely won  
An honored place, may gracious heaven decree  
To thee thy country's guerdon long to share  
With her, who, by thee loved and loving thee,  
Hath chos'n to tread thy path, thy name to bear,  
And shine a jewel 'neath a rising sun.